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SELECTIONS
BY
FREDERICK BARNE





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SELECTIONS

BY

FREDERICK BARNE.

TO

Walter Little Gilmore, Esq.,

*Whose name calls up the recollection of many happy
days passed in the Hunting Field, this Collection
of Poems is (by permission) dedicated, by*

Frederick Barne.

Leamington:

"COURIER" STEAM PRINTING WORKS, CHURCH WALK.

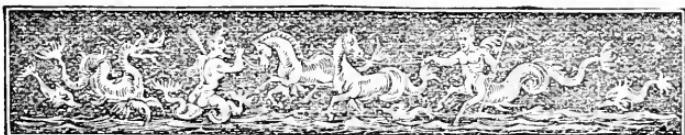
PREFACE.

The compiler has caused these songs, short poems, and epigrams to be printed partly to make presents to his friends, and partly because he thinks some of them are too good to be swallowed up in oblivion.

The translation of “The Achilles’ Shield,” by a great statesman, breathes the very spirit of Homer, and shews that that distinguished man might have been one of England’s best poets.

The Bishop of Lincoln’s letter is a specimen of Christian feeling and of classical Latin.

Some of the epigrams are touching. The letter of a Master of Arts to the compiler, in which he threatens him with castigation, and lets him off so easily, is evidently the production of a good scholar and a gentleman ; the compiler would have thanked him had he been able to discover his name.



RABY HUNT.

(Written by the Hon. M. Hawke, about 1804.)

Whilst passing o'er Barnsdale I happened to spy,
A fox stealing on and the hounds in full cry ;
They are Darlington's sure, for his voice I well
know,

Crying forward, hark forward, from Skelbrook
below.

See Binchester leads them, whose speed seldom
fails,

And now let us see who can tread on their tails ;
For like pigeons in flight, the best hunters
must blow,

Should their masters attempt to ride over them
now.

From Howell wood come they to Stapleton go,
What confusion I see in the valley below ;

My friends in black collars nearly beat out of sight,

And Badsworth's old heroes in terrible plight.

'Twould be hard to describe all the frolic and fun,

That of course must occur in this capital run ;

But I quote the old proverb, howe'er trite and tame,

That the looker-on sees most by half of the game.

Then first in the burst, and dashing away,

Taking all in his stroke on Ralpho, the grey ;

With Persuaders in flank, comes Darlington's peer,

With his chin sticking out, and his cap on one ear.

Never heeding a scramble, a scratch or a fall,

Lying close in his quarters comes Scott, of Wood Hall ;

And mark how he cheers them, with hark to the cry,

While on him the peer keeps a pretty sharp eye.

And next him on Morgan, all rattle and talk,

Cramming over the fences comes wild Master Hawke ;

But his neck he must break, either sooner or late,

For he'd sooner ride over than open a gate.

Then there's dashing Frank Boynton, who rides
thorough-breds,
With their carcases nearly as small as their
heads;
But he rides so d—d hard, that it makes my
heart ache,
For fear his long legs should be left on a stake.
But lately returned from democrat France,
Where forgetting to bet, he's been learning to
dance,
Behold Harry Mellish, as wild as the wind,
On Lancaster mounted, leaving numbers behind.
That eagle-eyed sportsman, Charles Brandling,
behold,
Riding in a snug place that need scarcely be
told ;
But from riding so hard, my dear Charley, forbear,
For fear you should tire your thirty pound
mare.
And close at his heels, see Bob Lascelle's advance,
Dressed as gay for the field as if leading the
dance,
Resolved to ride hard, nor be counted the last,
Secure the speed of his favourite, Outcast.
Next mounted on Pancake, see yonder comes Len,
A sportsman, I am sure, well deserving my pen;

He looks in high glee, and enjoying the fun,
Though truly, I fear, his cake's overdone.
On Methodist, perched in a very good station,
Frank Barlow, behold that firm prop of the
nation ;
But nothing could greater offend the good soul,
Than to Coventry sent from the chase or the
bowl.
Then those two little fellows, as light as a feather,
Charles Parker and Clewes come racing
together ;
And riding behind comes Oliver Dick,
On Slapdash half blown looking out for a
niche.
On Ebony mounted, behold my Lord Barnard,
Who to live near the pack now obliged is to
strain hard ;
But mount my friend Barney, on something
that's quick,
And I warrant, my friends, he'll show you the
trick.
Then Bland and Tom Gascoigne, I spy in the van,
Riding hard as two devils, who catch as
catch can ;
But racing along to see who can get first,
Already, I see, both their horses are burst.

Then smack at a yawner falls my friend, Billy
Clough,

He gets up, stares around him, faith silly
enough;

While Pelkington, near him, cries—"Prithee get
bled,"

"Ah, no, never mind, sir, I fell on my head."

But where's that hard rider, my friend, Colonel
Bell?

At the first setting out of the cover he fell;
But I see the old Crop through the whole chase
will carry,

In respectable style, the good tempered Harry.
Far aloof to the right, and opening a gate,

There's a sportsman, by system, who never
rides straight;

But why, my good Godfrey, so far will you roam,
When a pack of good beagles hunt close to
your home.

Now all having passed, we to Ferrybridge go,
Each event of the day at the club we shall
know,

Where bright bumpers of claret enliven the night,
And drive far away hatred, envy, and spite.

Come, I'll give you a toast, and a bumper of
wine—

“ Here’s a health to our chief, and our sport so divine,
 And the hounds of Old Raby for me.”

ANSWER.

Comment upon Bromley Davenport’s (M.P.) Verses.

In years you’re a veteran, I fear it is truth,
 Tho’ sportsmen much older still deem you a youth ;
 But lately I’ve seen you, when hounds went the pace,
 Shew the field that your heart is still in the right place.
 And when you’ve charged fences, both awkward and blind,
 Old days with Lord Stamford recurred to my mind ;
 When from Cussington Gorse, or Barkby’s famed cover,
 Whether timber or brook, you were sure to be over.
 But still whilst recalling our sport so divine,
 I mix blame with my praise, as water with wine ;

You must own, my old friend, that I speak
within bounds,

When I say that you sometimes rode over the
hounds.

Poor Sutton exclaimed (he was given to chiding),

There's * * again the hounds over-riding;
His hand is first-rate, still I wish in some flood
He would fall, and thus cool his impetuous
blood.

But enough of the chase, your last verse I admire,
It sparkles with wit, nor is wanting in fire ;
But I really must say to unburden my mind,
That you are rather too much to repining
inclined.

You've a noble estate, you're with pedigree
graced,

In Parliament, too, you now hold a good place ;
Where you speak with success, for it ne'er was
denied,

That poet and orator are nearly allied.

I'm sure you'll run straight, determined, in sooth,
Not a hair's breadth to swerve from honour
and truth ;

But my Pegasus droops, my muse has expired,
I'm afraid with my verse you are terribly tired,

So I end with a wish, to which no one can say
“No,”

May you long hold “Mens sana in corpore
sano.”

OLD MELTON SONG OF 50 YEARS AGO.

(Written by Mr. R. Empson, about 1820.)

Farewell to the land where the foxes are flyers,
And the fences are bigger than anywhere else ;
Where none values his neck, and if his horse
tires,
Compounds for the animal, not for himself.
Where the speed of each horse, and his fencing is
noted,
And the pride of each rural top-sawyer denied ;
Where the system is humbug, and a man who ne'er
quoted
A sentence worth noting, sells a horse to a friend.

Farewell to that town, for its steeple so famous,
 Where eating and drinking and frolic abound ;
 Where club houses flourish, and strumpets
 notorious,
 And gamesters and horse-dealers pass the joke
 round.

Yet here where the Queen of the Chase oft reposes,
 And Venus and Bacchus preside o'er the scene ;
 The Epicure sighs, tho' his brow's bound with
 roses,

And is stung by disease, and infested by spleen.
 Let Molyneux backbite the friends whom he
 flatters,

Let Standish persuade him the cause* will
 succeed ;

Let them both talk of horses, of Church and State
 matters,

And think they're top-sawyers in practice and
 creed.

Let Willesly ride horses at others' expense,
 Treat his wife like a brute, and behave like a
 fool ;

Convince us that money don't always give sense,
 And that marriage don't always keep profligates
 cool.

* The Catholic Question.

Let Maher sell his horses at handicap auction,
Ride well on a good one, and hard on a screw ;
Swear that Catholics only, unlike our persuasion,
Are sincere in their creed, and their horse-dealing too.

Let Campbell persuade us the Scotch are a nation,
As kind as they're honest, as rich as they're
brave ;

Who drink whiskey in pailsful, and ride like
damnation,

With himself at their head and what more
would you have.

Let White, half a dandy, for fear of a failure,
Drink no wine at dinner, on purpose to bet ;

Vote Lord Brudenell a sportsman, Osbaldistone a
tailor,

And sneer at Cave Brown and his rascally set.

Let Mackenzie smile on while Maxse rehearses
Some joke upon Ritson, and Dollen talks small ;
Empson laughs at the follies of those he caresses,
And recounts, in bad stanzas, the humours of
all.

But far from these scenes, their follies and
pleasures,

I wander unheeded, and smile on such friends ;

While my harp tuned to sadness resounds to the
measures,

Which remembrance prompts, and which
sympathy lends.

My childhood was wayward, my youth
uncontrolled,

And I've tasted each pleasure the world ever
gave;

But my heart almost bursts when I carry abroad,
The feelings I fondly cherished at home.

My heart is for one, and my passion, and feeling
Are strong and by far beyond other's belief,

Like the sound of the curfew which o'er the heath
stealing,

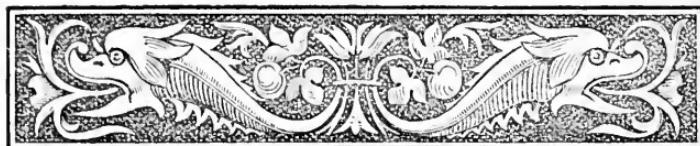
Tells the wanderer all are at rest but himself.

Farewell, my dear girl, take my vows e're I go,
The distance though great will but lengthen
the chain ;

Other climes yield fresh beauties, but t'is but to
know,

Other climes, other beauties, ca'n't lessen my
pain.





THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S DESCRIPTION OF THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

First of all, the shield he moulded,
Broad and strong, and wrought throughout,
With a bright and starry border,
Three fold thick, and round about.
Downward hung the belt of silver,
Five the layers of the shield,
And with skilful mind he sculptured
Rare devices o'er its field.

There he wrought earth, sea, and heaven,
There he set the unwearying sun ;
And the waxing moon and stars that
Crown the blue vault every one.

Pleiads, Hyads, strong Orion,
Arctos, Night, to boot the Wain,
He upon Orion waiting,
He alone of all the train ;
Spanning still the baths of ocean,

Wheels and wheels his round again.
Then he carved two goodly cities,
Thick with swarms of speaking men ;
Weddings were in one, and banquets,
Torches blazing overhead.

Nuptial hymns, and from their chamber,
Brides about the city led ; . . .
Here to harp and pipe resounding,
Young men wildly whirling danced,
While the women, each one standing
By their porches, stand entranced.

Then a dance the mighty master,
In the broidered metal wrought ;
Such to rich haired Ariadne,
Dædalus in Gnossus brought,
Spacious Gnossus, youths and maidens,
Maidens grown of age to wed,
Hand on wrist, and one with other,
Thro' the mazes lightly sped :
These are robed in rarest muslin,
Those fine woven tunics wear,
Soft with glaze of oil and glist'ning,
These are crowned with garlands fair,
Those their golden poignards hanging
From their belts of silver bear.

Now with trained feet careering,
All the troop in circle flies,
Like the potter's wheel, and gearing,
Which for speed he sets and tries.

Now each rank in backward movement,
On the rank behind them fall.

Charmed with these bewitching dancers,
Throngs a surging crowd. 'Mid all,
Harps and sings the sacred minstrel,
Ever as his notes begin,
Tumblers twain are wildly whirling,
Round the open ring within.

Ocean's might, resistless river,
Last of all his labours sealed,
Rolling round the outmost border
Of the deftly fashioned shield.





VIATOR ANΩΝΤΜΟΣ.

Viro doctissimo Frederico Barne.

S. P. D.

Exordio te nimium amaro indulsurum spero.
Presbyteri, de quo agitur, familiaritate nunquam
usus sum. Ne vidi quidem. Quâ probitate sit,
quâ fortunâ, hoc tantum forte accepi. Vale, et
cura ut valeas. Dabam apud Londinium, ficto
nomine Rev. M. A. O., 430, Oxford St., a. d. v.
Id. September.

Ah ! quam beati Barnius (ut vocant),
Ruris colonus, seu dominus potens
Audire mavult ! quam beati,
Et domino meliore digni !
Decemplicatas *colligit aureas
Bis mille libras hic, quoties equos
Sol fleetit in cursus priores,
Et celerem reparavit annum.

* The worthy author is mistaken in this.

Quærisne culpas ? non ego dixero
 Clausisse duras pauperibus fores ;
 Non jura temnit ; non egentes
 Opprimit agricolas ; sed æquo
 Exerceat omnes imperio favens
 Rectis honestus moribus ; et liet
 Vulgus reformidet profanum
 Coneiliat proprios amieos ;
 † “ Insanientis nee sapientiae
 Consultus errat ” ; sed bene temperans
 Dilecta prisorum virorum
 Scripta novis, animum gubernat.
 Talis quid ergo dotibus ingenî
 Desideratur ? Fas mihi sit, precor,
 Narrare paucis, nec molestâ
 Immerito nocuisse linguâ.
 Quis hue caballum ridicule maerum,
 Parum decoro pulvere sordidus,
 Vestes retergens obsoletas,
 Ore tamen reverendus, urget ?
 Attentus ædes Presbyterus sacras
 Curat propinquas ; “ vir peramabilis
 Non ille libris bis viginti

† “ Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens insanientis dum
 sapientiae consultus erro.”—Horace, Ode 34, line 2, book 1.

Dives." At huic ita negligenti
 Casus propinqui quis veniam dabit?
 Quicumque, opinor, conscius est sui
 Erroris. Ipsum sed decebit
 Officio properare fungi.
 Carpens acervi particulam sui
 Dextrâ, "sinistra," si placet, "insciâ"
 Mittet; nec optabit benignus
 Praemia, nec meritis carebit.

M. A. O.

ANONYMOUS.

(Translation of the above.)

My friend I send you hence a bitter pill,
 In kindness meant, so do not take it ill.
 The priest for whom I now your bounty claim,
 I only know by sight and scarce by name.
 Farewell, and health the greatest good poor
 mortals gain,
 By woodland sports, and temperance attain.
 Barne is a farmer, or a better word
 To use, of Manors broad, a potent Lord.
 His eastern boundary old Ocean laves,
 Whose voice comes gently up from slowly moving
 waves;

Old trees and waving woods his lands adorn,
And rich the land, if purple heath were corn.
Numerous and rich his tenants ; and I deem,
With ruddy gold his ample coffers teem.
Now for his faults ; true, he ne'er closed his door
In churlish mood to strangers and the poor.
He never broke the laws, nor with hard hand,
Has he oppressed the tillers of the land.
Firmness and mildness in his rule he blends,
And though he hates the vulgar, yet his friends
He kindly entertains ; the illustrious dead
Authors are studied, and the modern too are read.
Who is this horseman clad in old attire,
Covered with dust and sometimes stained with mire.
Whose meagre steed unconscious seems of corn,
His rider seems yet not ignobly born !
Barne has a Curate ; by devotion led
With ardent zeal his Master's steps to tread :
And yet this priest, to all the poor so dear,
“ Is passing rich on £40 a year.”
Let Barne at once this sad omission mend,
Quick to his Curate's wants at once attend ;
And when he gives relief to age or woe,
What one hand gives let not the other know ;
And let him ponder o'er our Saviour's word,
Who giveth to the poor but lendeth to the Lord.

*Egregio Praesidi C Cornelio ad Consilium veterum
Catholicorum Constantiae habendum benevole invitanti
S.P.D. Christophorus Wordsworth, Episcopus
Lincolniensis.*

Accipio laetus fraterni pignus amoris,
Et gratæ mentis mutua dona fero ;
Atque utinam nobis vos compellare liceret,
Et nos consiliis consociare tuis !
Sed nos ire vetant stringentes undique curæ,
Et gravat officii Pontificalis onus,
Spiritus at liber ponti cito transvolat undas
Et miscet precibus fervida vota tuis.
Inelyta quâ tollit veteres Constantia turres,
Jam video doctum se glomerare chorum :
Agnosco præsens in te Constantia numen :
Consilium Nemesis convocat ipsa tuum.
Tu famosa nimis Synoda Constantia sævâ,
Nunc es concilio nobilitanda pio ;
Martyrum ubi quondam maduit tua sanguine
tellus,
Nunc seges albescit messis Apostlicæ.

Ecce novo cineres Hussi fulgore coruscant,
 Fitque Evangelii fax pigra Martyrii ;
 Pragensis video venerandam surgere formam,
 Teque in concilio vivida verba loqui.
 Oh utinam talis fidei nos excitet ardor,
 Accendatque sui flaminis igne Deus
 Tum quisnam tremeret, quis non audere paratus
 Pro Cruce cuncta foret, pro Cruce cuncta pati.
 Nos omnes utinam pascamur Corpore Christi,
 Nos omnes recreat sanguinis ille calix,
 Una Fides, unus Christus, nos Spiritus unus,
 Unus in unanimo jungat amore Pater.
 Sic ubi transierint mortalis sæcula Cœli,
 Nos una accipiat, non peritura, Domus !
 Hœc tibi concordi reddit Lincolnia mente,
 Concilio sperans omnia Fausta tuo.



AN IMAGINARY SKETCH.

The morn was cloudy, and the wind was still,
The grey mist clung to Borough's shaggy hill,
Where mighty Rome, victorious o'er the world,
In days of yore her eagle wings unfurled.

Where Little Dalby's steeple cleaves the air,
A throng of dames and cavaliers repair ;
With graceful bend, and with sarcastic glance,
Yet courteous mien, a horseman see advance,
And close at hand, a genial sportsman shines,
Dispenser of rich soups and generous wines ;
His daughters view, of whom it may be said,
They neither shirk a fence, nor timber dread.
A noble Lord, with jet black eye survey,
With dauntless heart, well skilled to lead the
way ;

A lady follows, slight, and fair of face,
Whose light hand guides her steed with matchless
grace.

A courtly form close by, with pliant art,

Can wield the rein, or acting touch the heart.
Assist me, Muse, in worthy strains to sing,
A Scot, of gentle hearts the undoubted king,
Eager a disabled wight with care to tend,
Who never feelings hurt, or lost a friend.

A sturdy Briton of full sixteen stone,
Each friend salutes ; large both of chest and bone,
Bestrides his steed, like old King Harry, bluff,
A kindly spirit, but a diamond rough.

From frozen Russia's plains a veteran bold,
Quaffs sparkling sherry, and defies the cold.

Leicester's broad farms sent forth her yeomen too,
Old England's honest pride, a hardy crew.

A feather weight, 'tis said of Cambrian race,
On high-bred horse, burning to join the chase,
I cannot overpass. Keen sportsmen all,
Who charge a brook, and do not fear a fall.

Hail, gallant band, I give you honour due,
Of Britain's ancient sport the patrons true ;
Yet with my praise I will some counsel join,
Press not the hound, spoil not the sport divine :

Huntsmen their cast to make, some room require,
Then curb your eager steeds, restrain your fire.

So shall, o'er Leicester's plains the racing pack,
With speed unfailing, Reynard's footsteps track.

A HAMPSHIRE HUNTING SONG.

(Written by the Rev. Paulet.)

Now from care, from pain, from sorrow,
 Haste to Thornydown to-morrow ;
There shall our steeds outstrip the wind,
 While time and age creep far behind.

No vigils long of love we keep,
 No evening cares prevent our sleep :
Soon as the sun has reached the skies,
 Fresh as the morn we gaily rise.
 Then free from care, etc.

Hills and dales with music sounding,
 Every heart with joy rebounding ;
What transports in our bosom glow,
 When first we hear the Tally-ho.

Bridegroom and Batchelor lead them on,
 Soon they give way to Turpin's son ;
 See to the head young Herald strives,
 Old Wyndham roars, and Wilful drives.

'Then free from care, etc.

Checked by sheepcots in the valley,
 Men of weight gain time to rally ;
 Mopping his front and double chin,
 Each heavy blue comes puffing in.
 Juniper strikes him down the way,
 Magpies and crows his point betray ;
 O'er the wet meads and chalky soil,
 The villain runs his tainted foil.

'Then free from care, etc.

Distressed at length he seeks the village,
 Where of late he roamed to pillage ;
 'Midst his old haunts he finds no friend,
 Whoo-oop whoo-oop proclaims his end.
 My rhymes are done, once more excuse
 Your ancient Laureate's limping muse ;
 And in Diana's joyous court,
 Drink in full cups the noble sport.

'Then free from care, etc.

TO TORQUATUS.

*Translation by the Rev. T. Barne, Rector of Sotterley,
and Chaplain to George IV. and William IV.*

Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campis.

The snows are fled, the grass once more is seen,
The trees resume their livery of green ;
All nature's face is changed ; the rivers flow,
Within their banks, decreasing as they go.
Her sister Graces, and the nymphs among,
Unveiled Aglaia leads the dance along ;
In times' unvarying lapse, my friend, we see,
An awful warning of mortality.

Rough Boreas yields to gentle Zephyr's sway,
So spring succeeds bright summer's ardent ray ;
And soon, when autumn has dispersed his grain,
Chill winter will benumb the earth again.

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Quick circling moons the season's thus restore,
But soon, where chiefs renowned have gone
before,
To Pluto's dreary mansions we repair,
With dust to mingle, or dissolve in air.
Who dares among the sins of man, to say,
That heaven will grant him yet another day,
Be wisely liberal then, since what we spend,
From greedy heirs at least we shall defend.
When in the silent tomb thou low art laid,
And Minos hast thy sentence duly weighed.
Nor honied eloquence, nor noble birth,
Nor pious deeds will bring thee back to earth,
Nor great Diana from Tartarean night,
Could call the chaste Hippolytus to light :
And Godlike Theseus, from Black Lethe's chain,
To free Pirithous essayed in vain.



WHO CAN TELL?

(*Lines written at Donning, re the late Lord Hastings'*
habit of delay.

“The Quorn will meet at Great Dalby, Jan. 17, and
Barkby, Jan. 18.”

When will the Marquis come ?

Who can tell ?

Half-past twelve, or half-past one,

Who can tell ?

Driving at an awful rate,

As if afraid that he is late,

What cares he how long we wait,

Who can tell ?

Shall we have to wait again ?

Who can tell ?

In the wind and in the rain,

Who can tell ?

Whilst the Marquis, snug and warm,
 In the hall, where toadies swarm,
 Leaves us to the pelting storm,

Who can tell ?

Where will he draw by way of lark ?

Who can tell ?

Gartree Hill, or Bradgate Park,

Who can tell ?

Sport regarding as a jest,

North, or South, or East, or West,

Which will suit his fancy best,

Who can tell ?

Where, oh where, rings Tailby's horn ?

Who can tell ?

Why came I with this cursed Quorn ?

Who can tell ?

Marquis, this is not a race,

Can you look us in the face,

And declare you like the chase,

Who can tell ?



A NURSERY RHYME.

“Who scratched the Earl?”
“I,” said his master;
“Flash Bet could go faster,
I scratched the Earl.”
“Who wrote the order?”
“I,” said Harry Hill;
“With my little quill,
I wrote the order.”
“Who planned the swindle?”
“I,” said the spider;
“As my web grew wider,
I planned the swindle.”
“Who laid against him?”
“We,” said the rooks;
“In our little books,
We laid against him.”
“Who gave the office?”
As was expected,
None recollects,
Who gave the office.

“ Who caught the milk ? ”
“ I,” said the whale ;
“ In my little pail,”
 I caught the milk.”
“ Who shared the spoil ? ”
“ We,” said the stable ;
“ As best we were able,
 We shared the spoil.”
“ Who was the victim ? ”
“ I,” said John Day ;
In his quiet way,
“ I was the victim.”





EPSOM RACES — BY A FRENCH LADY.

Dans la foule de ces ladies si minees,
Au milieu de ces Dandies si blonds,
J'ai vu parier avec des Princes,
Des marchands de carottes et d'oignons.

Je jetai un œillade dans ce pell mell,
Au Due de C., ce vieux farceur,
Et puis dans une caléche fort belle,
J'ai aperçu mon dégraisseur.

J'ai vu un tas de nice cocottes,
Ebourrifiantes de mauvais gout ;
J'ai vu ma blanchisseuse Charlotte,
Son baby l'embarassait beaucoup.

J'ai vu des chevaux j'ai vu des ânes
Le Roi des Belges, des Magistrats ;
Des nez tout rouges, des noirs soutanes,
Et des John Bull tout gros, et gras.

Un monde entier de Clerc's, de jupes,

De Costermongers et de Chiens ;

Faisant de la police une dupe,

Et du porter, du brandy—un bain.

Voila ma chére, cette grande fête,

Durant laquelle ces Saxons si serieux ;

Se font un dieu d'une pauvre bête,

Se bourrent de viandes froides, et se grisent
comme des gueux.



*A Petition for the place of Soup Distributor during an
Irish famine some 15 years since.*

Ego sum	I am
Parvus homo	A little man,
Aptus vivere	Fit to live,
In quod dabis	On what you'll give ;
Per totam diem	Through the whole day,
Familiariter	In the family way ;
Distribuere	Out to deal,
Farinam Indicam	Indian meal,
Aut jus Soyerum	Or Soyers soup,
Multo agmini	To many a troop
Mulierum et hominum	Of women and men,
Stanneo vasi	With a tin can.
Hoc tibi mitto	I send this in,
Ne peccatum	No murthering sin,
Nam locum quæro	For a place I seek,
Ut quaquam hebdomada	That every week,
Fruar et potiar	We may hob and nob
Quindecim Robertulis	On 15 bob.

CAIUS JULIUS RATTUS.

FROM THE LATIN.

Sleep, tho' of death the image still thou art,
 In pain the solace dearest to the heart ;
 By pain and grief opprest, oh, then may I
 Thus in death's likeness live and living die.

Somne levis, licet ipsa simillima mortis imago,
 Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori ;
 Alma quies optata veni, nam sic sine vitâ
 Vivere quam dulce est, sic sine morte mori !

Non intellecta senectus,

Obrepit.

Juv.

Youth fades away and withers like a flower,
 A tender plant which blooms but for an hour.
 The smiles of beauty and the sparkling bowl,
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul,
 Vanish too soon, and quick advancing age,
 Steals o'er our joys and drives us from the stage.

From Dr. Busby's Westminster Grammar.

Tolle, puer generose, duo breviaria Musæ,
 Ludicra Grammaticæ tetras fallentia curas,
 Non opus est vigilem studio pallere lucernam,
 Nec linguæ pretio patiar dispendia mentis.
 Siste domi a sumptu tutus damnoque viarum ;
 Ad te Roma venit, venit ad te Græcia, et ambæ
 Præceptum primæ lallant cunale loquelæ.

(*Translation by Fred Barne*).

Receive, O generous youth, these presents rare,
 Sent by the Muse, which soothe devouring care ;
 Waste not the midnight oil, in learned ease,
 Escape from greedy hosts and dangerous seas :
 To visit thee, nor Grecce, nor Rome disdain,
 And charm thy youthful ear with sweetest strain.

"Lallo" appears to be used in singing lullaby to a child, and "Cunale" is an adjective formed from "Cunæ," plural, a cradle. Rendered freely, "both languages first find expression in the teaching of the cradle," i. e., the first teaching the child receives.

NOTE.—Dr. Busby was for 50 years Head Master of Westminster, during the reign of Charles I., Charles II., and the Protectorate of Cromwell. He wrote a Greek grammar in crabbed Latin verse, which was the torment of the Westminster boys. He used to boast that he had flogged half the House of Lords, and half the House of Commons.

THE SONG OF THE CONVICT.

I cannot take my walks abroad,
I'm under lock and key ;
And much the public I applaud,
For all their care of me.

Not more than others I desire,
In fact much less than more,
Yet I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

Whilst I am clad from head to foot,
And covered from the cold,
Thousands there are who scarce can tell,
Where they may lay their head ;

But I've a warm and well air'd cell,
A bath, good books, good bed,
Whilst they are fed on workhouse fare,
And grudged their scanty food ;

Three times a day my meals I get,
Sufficient, wholesome good.

Then to the British public health,
Who all our care relieves,
And while they treat us as they do,
They'll never want for thieves.

H.I.H. PRINCE NAPOLEON.

Alas ! behold the gallant youth,
Deserted by his comrade band,
His life-blood flowing from his veins,
Lie stretched on Afric's barren sand.

No thought had he of dastard flight,
Of war he nobly bore the brunt ;
He singly faced the numerous foe,
Fell pierced with wounds and all in front.

On levelled lances four and four
Horsemen the noble burthen bore ;
And tears around the litter fell,
Shed by those friends who loved him well.

A noble lady, who long time,
Had cherished hope (that hope is fled) ;
With bitter tears laments his loss,
Alas ! that tears can't raise the dead.

Great Britain's flag of old renown,
Did sadly o'er his coffin wave ;
Where bravery lies low in death,
And valour fills an early grave.

The wanderer o'er the lonely heath,*
When tolls the solemn chapel bell ;
Will mourn th' untimely fate of one,
Who died so soon, was loved so well.

* Chislehurst Heath.



ACROSTIC.

(Supposed to have been written by the late Lord Derby).

- G was a Giant, at least in his mind,
 - L a Logician, expert, and refined ;
 - A was an Adept in rhetoric's art,
 - D the Dark spot that he had in his heart.
 - S was the Subtlety, led him astray,
 - T was the Truth that he bartered away.
 - O was the Cypher his conscience became,
 - N the New Light, that illumined the same,
 - E was the Evil One shouting for joy,
Down with it, down with it, Gladstone,
my boy.
-

*(Written by a Young Lady who did not agree with the
above).*

- D is the Deficit, plausibly veiled,
- I the Invective, which never yet failed ;
- S is the Sarcasm, skilfully used,
- R the Reform, he so basely abused.
- A Abyssinia, where credit is due,
- E Education, he's done nothing new.
- L is a Lesson, we hence may pick up,
- I Irish Church, the last drop in the cup.

*Written by a late Bishop of Ely upon the use of the
Surplice in the Diocese of Exeter.*

A very pretty public stir,
Is getting up at Exeter,
About the surplice fashion.
And many bitter words and rude,
Have been bestowed upon this feud,
And much un-christian passion.

For me, I neither know nor care,
Whether a parson ought to wear,
A black dress or a white dress.
Suffering a trouble of my own,
A wife that preaches in her gown,
And lectures in her night-dress.

PARTING.

On R. Cornwallis and Lord Braybrook going with the Guards to Canada : by the Hon. R. Lawley.

When from dear friends about to part,
Though soon to meet again ;
Yet gloomy thoughts oppress the heart,
Something akin to pain.

But oh, what words can paint the tears,
When from those friends we sever ;
Perchance to part for months, for years,
Perchance to part for ever.

From a Husband to a departed Wife.

When thou wert here, I thought that home was
heaven,
Now thou art gone, I think that heaven is
home ;

Esse Domi, cœlum sic, te presente, putabam
Absentē in cœlo jam reor esse Domum.

“A FINE OLD ENGLISH RADICAL.”

Mr. Bright then rose, and was received with immense enthusiasm—the vast assemblage following the lead of the band, sang the “The Fine Old English Gentleman,” in his honour.—*Extract from the Newspaper Report of Manchester Meeting, on the 25th October, 1879.* And this is the way it ought to have been sung:—

I'll sing you a fine old song, that was made by a
Tory pate,
Of a scurrilous Old Radical whose mill was his
estate,
Whence he sold his worthless shoddy at a most
outrageous rate,
And never gave a farthing to the poor man at his
gate.

CHORUS.—Like a fine old English Radical,
One of the modern time.

As he had got no land himself, he hated all who
had,

And swore all country gentlemen were base, and
vile, and bad,

He cursed the peers and parsons too, and hinted
he'd be glad

If all their goods were shared between the land-
lord and cad.

Chorus.

His sword and buckler was his tongue, which
dealt such wordy blows,

That right or wrong—he was so strong—he'd
hammer at his foes—

He didn't stoop to argument, but stated what he
chose,

And those who held a different view might wipe
a bloody nose.

Chorus.

“ ‘For they are fools and liars—idiots—criminals,’
says he,

“ My word is law ! for isn’t this the country of
the free ?

“ How dare they have opinions then ? Oh ! may
they ever be

“ Tormented in a warmish place who disagree
with me ! ”

Chorus.

And in the hour of England's need—divine it was
 and grand,
 To see him siding with the foe against his native
 land,
 In strifes at home his bitter tongue each contro-
 versy fanned,
 Which conduct in a man of peace is hard to
 understand.

Chorus.

When England was insulted she should pay, he
 said, not fight;
 And on this theme his rhetoric was splendid in its
 flight,
 He urged with burning eloquence the working
 people's right,
 But voted for the stunted child's mill labour all
 the night !

Chorus.

He said adulteration was the life and soul of
 trade,
 That wood was best for nutmegs, and of sand was
 sugar made ;
 Though we saw the foreign armies standing ready
 to invade ;
 Let him only sell his shoddy and we needn't be
 afraid.

Chorus.

Rot the British Constitution ! he respects it not a
jot,
For this fine old English Radical, America's the
spot !
And there, indeed, were he to go, and ever fix
his lot,
On not too many cheeks would flow the tears so
scalding hot,
For this fine old English Radical,
One of the modern time.

—*Manchester Courier.*

Z A B I.

(*Epitaph to a favourite Arab*).

From Arab sands by western zephyrs fanned,
Dear Zabi safely reached scorched India's land.
In Abyssinia's war, he bore a part,
No danger e'er appalled his gallant heart.
Fond memory oft recalls his jet black eye,
His faultless form, and perfect symmetry.
Under this verdant turf he calmly sleeps,
While o'er his tomb his loving mistress weeps.

THE PAST.

By the Hon. W. Spencer,

(Who was a disappointed man, and became a Franciscan Monk).

When midnight o'er the moonless skies,
 Her pall of transient death hath spread ;
 When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
 And none are wakeful but the dead.

No bloodless form my way pursues,
 No sheeted ghost my couch annoys ;
 Visions more sad my fancy views,
 Visions of long departed joys.

The shade of youthful hope is there,
 That lingered long and latest died ;
 Ambition all dissolved in air,
 With phantom honours by her side.

What empty visions glimmer nigh,
 They once were friendship, truth, and love ;
 Oh ! die to thought, to memory die,
 Since lifeless to the heart ye prove.

NONSENSE VERSES.

When plate is by the railroad sent,
 The Company's charge is Five per Cent. ;
 But if we insure ourselves, we see
 A penny's thought an ample fee.
 Why is this ? Are gauds, or pelf,
 More precious than a man's own self ?

A member who was hard to please,
 Attempted by a cough to sneeze,
 To put down Marten, who was sent,
 From Galway's wilds to Parliament :
 Quoth Marten, “ I possess a pill,
 Will cure that Member of his ill,”
 And to Hibernian customs true,
 A bullet from his pocket drew.

Dick Gooch went to Melton, returning from
 whence,
 He was asked by an elderly lady of sense,
 Which was the best manner of charging a fence ;
 Quoth Gooch, “ My dear lady, your question is
 fair,
 “ What others may do, I don't know, I declare,
 “ But I shut both my eyes, and say a short
 prayer.”

“LUTZOFFI JÄGERS.” *

(Dedicated to the East Suffolk Volunteers).

What glances so bright, of the sun 'neath the
ray?

And the glitter of arms strikes the soul with
dismay,

And a line now deploys in a lengthened array;

And when you enquire the name of the band,

They are Jägers who've risen to guard their dear
land.

What advances so quick through the forest and
shade?

While in each hollow dingle an ambush is laid;

The clang of the rifle is heard near, and more
near,

And the boasters of France are seen pallid with
fear,

And the thunder of cannon now bursts on the ear.

* Lutzoff was a brave German partizan, who raised a corps of rifles and cavalry, to assist in freeing his country from the yoke of France in 1814.

Where the Rhine gaily glistens embosomed in
vines,
The tyrant had formed his strategical lines ;
But they leap in the stream with the bound of the
deer,
And the hostile battalions are scattered in fear.

What horsemen are fighting upon the broad plain ?
Whose swords clash so fiercely again and again :
It is liberty's spark, which is rising in flame,
And the courage of nations is roused by the name.

Wounded Germans are lying stretched out on the
plain,
But they bear with heroic composure their pain.
For their dear Fatherland they have given their
all,
But drop not a tear on their blood-bedewed pall ;
For they shed their life-blood in their country's
cause,
Her liberty, glory, religion, and laws ;
And from father to son will descend the bright
fame
Of the black German Jägers, and of Lutzoff's
name.



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